EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

LARGEST NEW ENGLAND EVENING CIRCULATION

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1932

What the Hearst Papers Advocate] No. 13 [*Modification of Volstead Act to permit light wines and beers under Federal regulation.*

What Is Russia Doing?

Descriptions and Photographs Disagree

RUSSIAN CHILDREN INSTRUCTED IN THE USE OF THE HANDS.

The great mystery and puzzle of the day is Russia.

First Lenin threw out the Czar and all his family, then he died.

Now Stalin, man of extraordinary power, rules the nation as completely as Mussolini rules Italy, or Kemal Pasha, Turkey.

And Stalin says that Russia, a great agricultural nation, must be changed by the "Five-Year Plan" into a great industrial nation as efficient as the United States, as great and powerful in its "mass production" as any nation on earth.

Until lately our financiers were assuring us that "Russia's plan couldn't possibly succeed." At any minute, Russia might "blow up;" it couldn't last long at best.

But it has lasted thirteen years, and nations that once despised the Russian plan are now terrified at Russian competition in wheat, candy, machinery, cotton, heaven knows what.

The Russians are manufacturing Ford tractors and selling them for $100 less than Ford's prices.

They are underselling the candy makers of England and the United States.

Every American soldier at this moment carries in his pocket a box of matches made in Russia. When the United States Government asked for bids to supply the army with matches, Russia won the competition.

It is evident that the older systems of government can no longer "pooh-pooh" Russia out of existence.

You will be interested in the fact that what people SAY about Russia and what the camera says when it takes photographs, present conditions far apart.

This picture shows Russian children, "factory apprentices" being trained in the use of their hands.

They do not look particularly miserable, or starved, or frightened. If you were not told that they were Russians you might think this photograph was taken in the United States. Of one thing you may be sure, poor Russian children of this class did not have such good clothes, such fat faces, or such careful training in the days of the Czar.

All young Russians are compelled to take exercise and time is given them. Their week is only five days long. Every fifth day they have a day of rest. There is no Sunday. That is part of the Soviet effort to eliminate religion—an effort, by the way, that can never succeed, since religion is stronger than any theory.

Why the Stalling?

In meting out cash relief the Hoover Administration appears to be concerned primarily with financing the financier.

Cut off from contact with the vast multitudes of unemployed, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been authorized by Congress to make generous loans to needy banks and business corporations.

The Corporation is already functioning along such lines. The nearest approach to popular aid is in a provision which requires the Corporation to make available to the Secretary of Agriculture $200,000,000, of which $50,000,000 is now in hand, for loans to farmers who are unable to obtain loans elsewhere for crop production during 1932.

Apparently this provision for assistance to uninfluential farmers is proving a DEAD LETTER.

Well-informed observers sense hesitation in the employment of this loan fund for farmers, apparently because the Administration NEVER WANTED THIS FARM RELIEF SECTION OF THE BILL.

Nevertheless, it behooves Secretary Hyde to carry out the instructions of Congress, rather than to nullify them through inactivity.

Congress itself should follow up its relief legislation with an inquiry into how it is working out in practice.

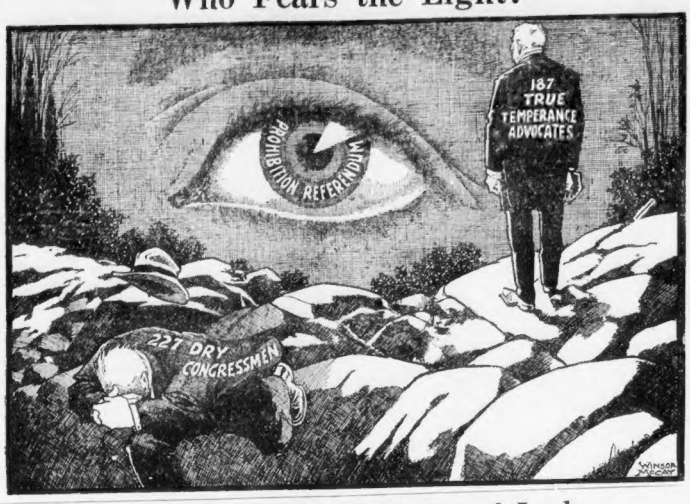
The Department of Agriculture is reported to be squeamish about the soundness of such loans to farmers, none of which is to exceed $400. Yet the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has already extended loans running into huge figures to corporations which are too weak to borrow on their present credit in the open money market.

Apparently the test for a loan is the bigness of the borrower, rather than his need or his credit standing.

Some friend of the farmer at Washington should undertake to find out why agricultural relief, as contemplated in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act, has been stalled.

LISTEN, WORLD!—ON MAGAZINE PAGE TODAY

Who Fears the Light?



The Last Man Will Be Out of Luck

HERE I AM WITH THE FINEST DEATH-DEALING INVENTIONS EVER SEEN AND NOBODY TO FIGHT!
SIEGE GUN. RANGE 3000 MILES
1 GROSS SURE FIRE BOMBS. EACH BOMB WILL WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE CONTINENT
EXPLOSIVES FOR CRUMBLING A FLEET OF BATTLE SHIPS WITH EACH SHOT
1 DOZ AIR ABSORBERS FOR SWEEPING POPULATION OFF THE EARTH
SPECIAL EXPLOSIVE FOR SINKING ISLANDS
LETHAL GAS WARRANTED TO DESTROY THE SOLAR SYSTEM
F. OPPER

Can you CONCEIVE a situation such as this, can you even IMAGINE its poignancy, its horror, its *Je ne sais quoi?*

Of course, you know that there must be a "last man" SOME day. It may be as scientists say, hundreds of millions of years hence. It may be suddenly, any minute, when the sound of a trumpet is heard, and the dead rise, each inquiring, anxiously, "Where do I go from here?"

* * *

Whenever it comes, it's going to be hard on the last man. Mr. Opper shows part of his dilemma in this picture. The sorrow in this man's face, his grief because he has everything to shoot with and nobody to shoot at, is only PART of his trouble.

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Just imagine being the last man, owner of the whole earth, including all Manhattan Island, all the lake front in Chicago, all the heart of the business district in San Francisco, all the Florida waterfront, and not a soul on earth to buy a corner lot on the instalment plan, or even make a reasonable offer.

However, none of US will be this last man; so let us worry about things more imminent, such as rent, income tax, new income taxes, etc.

New York Day by Day -:- By O. O. McIntyre

Surprise Party

NEW YORK, March 19—They found out I'm the wrong bird to toss a birthday surprise party. At my age, I'm for celebrating birthdays like a rattle-snake. Add another button and there you are! I was preparing to mop up a Sunday night supper of cold biscuits and pear juice when the surprisers popped in.

Any time they drop in on me they can expect to share a big fat blush. And they took this one standing. I had finished my chore and was window gazing into the beauty of a New York night when the door of my cage suddenly opened and in they rushed, all merry and bright.

There I stood in 1902 house slippers with three manholes for corns, s'sat-sprung pajamas, hair like last year's bird nest and face spotted as like a hen-house window. For no reason whatever, took on one of those set mechanical smiles I couldn't get off all evening.

Twice I sneaked off to the bathroom to relax but the expression had jelled. The idiotic grin would not come off. Now and then I'd rub my hand over my face quickly and try to look sour. No use. The Cheshire cat effect was there to stay. I just kept smiling through.

So here they are and they can entertain themselves. They couldn't think up a basket party. Not this bunch. Not only spoil my evening, but I must feed them. Hungry little mouths to feed! Well, how would you like some of our mildewed dog biscuits? Or patie de fois gras that went limburger?

So you are expecting fancy things to drink? Cocktails, vintage Chablis and rare brandy? Then kick a few holes in the piano, sear cigarette scars in the carpet and shake down a few pictures? Well, get a load of this—you'll drink hydrant water and perfectly adore it.

The ladies would collect in the bedroom so I can't go in and slip on some presentable clothes. And they'll have their big laugh over the discarded sock I left on the dressing table. To say nothing of the whatyoucallems spread on the back of the chair.

* * *

I know this crowd. If I went in there, they'd heap those unmentionables in the middle of the room and play Ring-around-the-Rosie. Just a lot of children. Yeah? Two are grandpappies. And ripe for the ether cone. And one used to take Lincoln to school.

I might know Verne Porter would want to use the telephone. He just thought of a dear old pal in Phoenix. My big surprise party comes the first of the month. Old fiddle face with an arm up to the elbow in my box of candy, wants to know if I have gasoline for his lighter. He just ran out. Of gasoline, I mean. He'll be with us all evening, don't worry. He'll be wanting me to skip to the corner for his early edition about midnight. And Howard Acton may as well quit fingering that crystal ash tray so furtively. That's the way I got it.

* * *

Look! Frank Mason's cousin from Amityville wonders if anyone has seen the disappearing goldfish trick and he's using the Rookwood vase and my fish for props. I wonder if he knows I'm all tuned up to show my 18-karat bawling out trick with the kick in the pants finale if anything happens to that vase. Bob Garland has a gleam in his eye. He'll be chording on the piano soon. If Bill Hamilton starts singing the pogrom is under way. When I want a quartet I'll hire one. And they'll come in the back way. The lady with Harry Silvey feels an audition coming on, too. She's off in a corner mi, mi, mi-ing. Keep on and I'll yell a little opera myself.

* * *

What's ailing the sad-eyed Apollo in the gates-ajar collar? He's all to himself, admiring his nails. A bit sulky. I'll talk to him. We'll have no moods at this party. He doesn't feel well. For his memoirs: "On my visit to The Great McIntyre I found myself suffering from a touch of the vapours." Let him have his dizzy spell, that's the only way he'll get dizzy this evening.

They're in a huddle now trying to think up a new game. Henry Sell knows one he picked up in Bermuda. All he needs is a soup tureen. He might as well ass for a five p'acock. There's a lull. The party's going haywire. Ah, hoof-beats in the offing. Clippity-clap, clippity-clap! Everything is simply dandy. The party is saved. Bob Brinkerhof is going to recite.

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Words of the Wise Men

The glory of ancestors sheds a light upon posterity; it allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity. —Sallust.

Poverty wants much; but avarice everything. —Syrus.

Vessels starting from ports thousands of miles apart pass close to each other in the naked breadths of the ocean, nay, sometimes even touch in the dark. —Holmes.

Expel avarice, the mother of all wickedness, who, always thirsty for more, opens wide her jaws for gold. —Claudianus.

Daily Bible Text

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."—Psalms, ch. cxix, v. 9.

By The Rev. Newton C. Fetter, Student Pastor, Cambridge. Next text by the Rev. F. T. Valdina, Baptist Church, Hyde Park.

IRELAND UNDER A NEW RULER

By Claude G. Bowers

Author of "The Struggle for Democracy in America," "Founders of the Republic," "Jefferson and Democracy," "The Tragic Era" and other important works, now writing for the Boston Evening American.

THE IRISH PEOPLE celebrated St. Patrick's Day this year under a new political regime. The new President of Ireland is not an unknown figure in this country. Incidentally, he differs in temperament and background from any other leader the Irish have had. He is part Spanish; and he is a mathematician and not a romanticist in the traditional sense. He was a professor in the most unimaginative of sciences at the time of the Rising of Easter Week and he took his position on the firing line along with others of the intellectuals.

Some of the most brilliant of these were executed. Eamon De Valera escaped. Thereafter, for a long time, he was, strangely enough, one of the most romantic figures in Irish history—a man "on the run." He was made President of Ireland when no such thing was recognized by England or the world. It was at that time I first saw him.

It was at a dinner preceding a speech he was to make in a mid-Western city. Having in mind the traditional Irish leaders — the Floods, Grattans, O'Connells, Meaghers, Butts, Parnells, Redmonds—I was not prepared for the figure I saw across the table. Thin of feature, ascetic, sombre, silent, he seldom smiled when the table roared to the humor and witticisms of poor Harry Boland, his companion, so soon to fall a victim to the assassin's bullet. Apparently he did not have the Irish wit or charm or conversational brilliance. I found him disappointing.

* * *

Spoke Like a Professor of Mathematics

His speech did not even echo the traditional Irish eloquence. I had heard Redmond's orgasmlike voice, his billowing phrases, and this new leader spoke almost coldly like a professor of mathematics in a classroom. He had been taken in tow when he reached New York by some politicians and his speech was confined largely to one of our domestic political issues; and I was on the other side.

He carried a resolution in his pocket which he wanted introduced. It was a laudation of that State's Senators. No local Irishman could be found to present it. The most distinguished of them all announced that if any one presented it he would denounce it from the platform. It was after the meeting that I saw De Valera again. And then I found he had fire and fluency and force—for he was indignantly protesting against the burial of the resolution. There, for the first time, his capacity for leadership was shown.

* * *

A Statesman of Poise

Since then I have seen him twice at small luncheons, and he seemed an entirely different man. His face was fuller. There was more serenity and charm. He talked a great deal and exceedingly well and with sound sense. He did not seem an intolerant man, likely to do rash things if entrusted with power.

Here was a statesman of poise. Wondering about the change, I recalled that on the first visit here there was a price on his head. It was the time he reached America in some mysterious manner, and he must have been under tremendous strain. I have admired him ever since the first meeting.

* * *

Papers Were Hostile to De Valera

It remains to be seen just what comes of his plan to refuse to swear allegiance to the King. It is not much more than a form anyway. Many a statesman, taking office, swears allegiance and fealty to a monarch he hates far more than De Valera can possibly hate the inoffensive George. If it be true, as said in a recent book of memoirs, that the King literally forced the conferences resulting in the establishment of the Free State, he cannot be put down as a foe of Ireland.

But there will probably be a change in the general atmosphere of the government. For years De Valera has been the leader of the party of Opposition. In Ireland, until very recently when he launched a newspaper of his own, the leading papers were hostile to him and his party. The fact that most, if not all, of these were owned by English capital was generally known.

With the press against him and the world generally approving President Cosgrave, there must be something worthwhile in De Valera's principles and policies to have outlived the lean years.

* * *

The Cosgrave Regime

In some respects, the Cosgrave regime smacks very much of the Federalist regime in America. It concentrated almost entirely on material matters, and, at times, manifested an intolerance of opposition that would have done credit to the Essex Junto. Repressive measures were passed. If Ireland has not had her Alien and Sedition Laws, she has had laws almost as restrictive of opinion. There has been nothing inspirational about it—if we omit the Shannon enterprise, and this may turn out to be a burden.

The old "Irish note" has been conspicuously absent. The press, pro-English, has at times been rather contemptuous of America—and these were government papers. The orators have been relegated. The Parliament has had no Floods, Grattans or Currans. A strong element has been more intent on making Ireland rich than in keeping her people free.

All of which may be necessary in the beginning; and proper. The Federalists in America did a necessary work; but their long continuance in power would have undermined the liberties of the people. Perhaps De Valera is to be the Jefferson of Ireland.

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By Edgar A. Guest

Just Folks

Life

Changes come as the cycles turn
But winds still blow and fires still burn.

As in Caesar's time so 'twill always be
The brook will hurry to join the sea.

Customs alter and nations fall
But the laws of nature don't change at all.

And what is comfort and what is pain
As Moses knew them will still remain.

To the end of time on this good old earth
Will women rejoice at a baby's birth.

And no matter what nations may fall or rise
There will always be tears when a loved one dies.

For this life of ours with its weal and woe
Is much as it was in the long ago.

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